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THE PROGRESS OF PHYSIC.

The SECOND EDITION,
Corrected, and conſiderably Enlarged.

Tantæ molis erat ——— VIRG.

———*operoſa* parvus
Carmina fingo. HOR.

by Mr Ashley Cooper

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Corrected, and considerably Enlarged.

THE SECOND EDITION.

PHYSIC

OF

PROGRESS

AND

TO

J. BAILLIE, M. D.

And one of the

PHYSICIANS to *St. George's Hoſpital.*

SIR,

WERE the following *Compoſition* equal to the *Subject*, it wou'd need no *Apology*. The *Progreſs* of an Art, whence you hourly derive ſo many *Bleſſings* on your *Fellow Creatures*, wou'd be the moſt acceptable *Preſent* I cou'd make you: but in the *Conduct* of It, I am very ſenſible how much I wanted the *Aſſiſtance* of *One*, whoſe *Taſte* of the *Belles Lettres* is no leſs *remarkable*, than his *Knowledge* in the *Materia Medica*.

AMONGST

AMONGST all its Faults, That which you will ſooneſt *diſcern*, and (I fear) with moſt *Difficulty excuſe*, is the ſhort *Digreſſion* wherein I have endeavour'd to do *Juſtice* to your own *Merit*, who are not more *ſtudious* to *deſerve* Applauſe, than *ſhy* of *receiving* It. But give me leave to ſay with *Horace* to his Friend *Lollius*——

† *Paulum* ſepultæ *diſtat* inertiæ
Celata virtus——

Though for want of his *Curioſa Felicitas*, I cannot add, without too great an Air of *Vanity*,

——*non ego* Te *meis*
Chartis inornatum *ſilebo*.

And yet, Sir, whatever *Defect* there may be in the *Manner* of this *Addreſs*, I have taken due Care that the *World* ſhall find no *Fault* with the *Object* of It.

As your *Moments* are *precious*, I ſhall *detain* you no longer than juſt to aſſure you, that next to your *Approbation* of the *Piece* in general, what I covet moſt is your *Pardon* for the *Liberty* I have taken to *mention* you in It ſo much to your *Advantage*, who am,

SIR,

Your moſt Oblig'd Friend,

And Faithful Humble Servant,

&c. &c.

† *Hor. Car. Lib.* 4. *Od.* 9.——

N. B. The *Gentleman* to whom This is *dedicated*, is now abroad in the Character of *Phyſician* to the *Army* of the *Allies* in *Germany*.

THE ARGUMENT.

MEDICINE *artleſs and ſimple*—*much older than* Phyſic *exercis'd as an* Art. —— That *and a new* Train *of* Diſeaſes *introduc'd after the* Flood, *by* Luxury. —*Its Beginning* rude. —*Sprung up in the* Eaſtern Nations.—Grounded *upon the ſuppos'd* Influence *of the* Stars.—*Studied and practiſed by the* Magi.——*Hence It paſs'd into* Ægypt, *where the* Prieſts *ſtill had the chief Exerciſe of It.*—*Their* Cures, *&c. inſcribed on the* Pillars *and* Walls *of their* Temples.—*Particular* Branches *of the* Science *ſtudied by particular* Perſons.—— *Hence* tranſplanted *into* Greece, *but not brought to any great Degree of* Perfection *till* Hippocrates's *Time, who firſt made* Phyſic rational. — *A ſhort* Digreſſion, *by way of* Encomium *on* J. BAILLIE, *M. D.*——Phyſic *next travels into* Italy—*brought into* Diſgrace *by* Quackery, *&c.*--

Galen, *at length, explains every thing by the rigid* Doctrines *of the* Peripatetics. — *Did a great deal of* Miſchief, *as well as* Service, *to this* noble Art. — *Much* blam'd *for This, but* commended *for the* Pains *he took with a* View *of* improving Medicine. — Phyſic *loſt with other* Arts *and* Sciences *when the* Goths, &c. *over-ran* Europe, *but revived amongſt the* Arabs, *after ſome Ages, tho'* Galen's Errors *ſtill* predominant. — Chymiſtry, *the firſt great* Improver *of this* Science, *diſtinguiſh'd from* Alchymy, *an Art as old as* Tubal Cain. — *Another ſhort* Digreſſion *on the* Vanity *of hunting after the* Philoſopher's Stone. — *The wiſe Uſe Mr.* Boyle *made of* Chymical Experiments. — *An* Encomium *upon him.* — *Another on* Sanctorius. — *The* Diſcovery, *or* Demonſtration *of the* Circulation *of the* Blood *by our Countryman* Harvey, *fixes* Phyſic *on a more certain* Baſis *than ever.* — That, *and* Experimental Philoſophy, *afterwards carried to ſo great Lengths by Mr.* Boyle, *brought the* Art *nearer to* Perfection *in this* Iſland *than can juſtly be boaſted of by any other* Nation. — *Surpriſing* Diſcoveries *in* Anatomy *and* Botany. — *The ſeveral* Authors *of 'em juſt mention'd, and compared.* — Phyſic, *at length, fixes her* Empire *in* Britain, *which concludes the Whole.*

THE

THE PROGRESS OF PHYSIC.

LONG ere *Phyſicians* knew the *Healing Art*,
Diſeaſe to quell—or eaſe the aching *Heart*—
* *Med'cine* aroſe---at firſt by *Heav'n* deſign'd,
With balmy Wing to *ſhield*, and *bleſs* Mankind:

In

* The *Injuries* and *Viciſſitudes* of the *Air*—the *Nature* and *Qualities* of *Foods*—the *Violence* of external *Bodies*—the *Actions* of *Life*—and laſtly, the *Structure* of the *Human Frame*, muſt have render'd ſome *Diſeaſes*, and conſequently *Medicine* as *old* as *Mankind*, tho' much chang'd and *complicated* in *After-Ages*.

In ev'ry *Field* ſome wholſom *Simple* grew,
Its *Uſe* each ruder *Clown* and *Peaſant* knew;
Which, cull'd with *Care*, the wiſh'd *Aſſiſtance* gave;
Not prompt to *kill*---if impotent, to *ſave*.---
From *Trees*---from *Plants*---the eaſy *Cure* was ſought,
And from the murm'ring *Rill* Health flow'd *unbought*.
The friendly, limpid *Draught*---the temp'rate *Meal*,
Ne'er aſk'd the *Aid* of *Bolus*---or of *Pill*---
With equal *Force* their vig'rous *Pulſes* beat,
No *Cordials*, then, to raiſe th' *extinguiſh'd Heat*;
No frantic *Mirth*---nor *Melancholly*, then---
Heav'n's ſharpeſt *Curſe* upon the *Sons* of *Men!*
To calm a *Fever*'s Rage no *Arts* were try'd,
Till, haply, of the * *Doctor*---*Patients dy'd*---
Feebly, the *Limbs* no ſlacken'd *Nerves* ſuſtain'd,
Hereditary Health---and *Vigour* reign'd.

But ſay, my *Muſe!* theſe happier Ages paſt,
How *Sickneſs* and *Diſeaſe* broke in at laſt---

From

* 'Tis hoped the *Faculty* will not reſent this little Stroke of *Satyr*, and one that follows, ſince they are not level'd at the *Science Itſelf*, but the *Abuſe* of It---At *Quacks*, not regular *Practiſers*.

From *Man* to *Man* how *Plagues* unnumber'd ſpread,
When *Phyſic* rear'd her *Scientific Head*.
Such *Ills* combin'd, what *Mortal* can *endure?*
How *Few* out-live the *Sickneſs*----and the *Cure?*

NOT long the *Flood* had left the Face of *Earth*,
And loſt *Mankind* receiv'd a ſecond *Birth*,
Ere *Lux'ry* roſe--- with *Sickneſs* in her *Train*----
And all the frightful *Family* of *Pain*:
Nature's ſpare *Wants* forſook the homely *Board*,
With mad *Profuſion* ſee each *Table* ſtor'd!
Invention labour'd to debauch the *Treat*,
And *whet* the jaded *Appetite* to *eat*:
Intoxicating *Wines*, henceforth, began
T' inflame the *Blood* not chear the *Heart* of Man;
Hence *Gout* and *Stone* afflict the *Human Race*;
Hence lazy *Jaundice*----with her *Saffron Face*---
Palſy, with ſhaking *Head*, and tott'ring *Knees*---
And bloated *Dropſy*---the ſtanch *Sot's Diſeaſe!*
Conſumption pale, with keen, but hollow *Eye*,
And ſharpen'd *Feature*, ſhew'd that *Death* was nigh---
The feeble *Offspring* curſe their crazy *Sires*,
And, *tainted* from his *Birth*, the *Youth expires*.

FIRST, thro' the *Eaſt*, in ſocial League, we find
The ſage *Phyſician* to the *Prieſthood* join'd----
Phyſic, alone, the Rev'rend *Magi* knew;
Its firſt *Inventors*----and *Corruptors* too---
On *Stars*, and *Planets*, the rude *Art* they found,
And tread, *inglorious!* on *inchanted Ground*;
Nor dar'd the healing *Med'cine* to apply,
If * *Saturn* glanc'd with a *malignant Eye*.

TO *Ægypt* next *Phyſic* directs her *Flight*,
There prun'd her *Wing*, and bleſs'd a clearer *Light*;
O'er her fair *Face*, no artful *Veil* was thrown,
Nor only from huge *Volumes* was ſhe known,
On † *Marble* ſculptur'd---and the faithful *Stone*:
Recording *Temples* now at once inſure
The Leech's *Fame*---and propagate the *Cure*.
Nor *each* to ev'ry *Branch* as yet applies---
But *This* the *Heart* cou'd cure, and *That* the *Eyes*;

The

* THE *Chaldæans* were the firſt *Aſtronomical Obſervators*, and are ſuppos'd to have built their *Notions* of *Phyſical Matters* upon *Aſtrological Grounds*—either the *Influence* of a particular *Planet*, or of ſome *Tutelar Dæmon*, were ſtill conſider'd.—— Hence this *Superſtitious Practice*, with the *Science Itſelf*, was deriv'd to the *Ægyptians*.——

† SEE *Wotton* on *Ancient and Modern Learning*, P. 107.

The ulcer'd *Limb ſome* only knew to *heal*,
While *Female Patients* bleſs'd *Another's Skill.*

HERE flouriſh'd long the *Pharmaceutic Arts*,
Which *Commerce*, ever-bounteous, next imparts
To ancient *Greece*---but ſlow their *Progreſs* ſtill---
Rude and *imperfect* yet the *Medicinal Skill:*
When lo! *Apollo*'s fav'rite *Son* aroſe,
The *Depths* of *Phyſic* ſtudious to *diſcloſe*;
* *Hippocrates*---who with a purer *Ray*
Beam'd on his *Followers* a brighter *Day:*
By *ſimpleſt* Methods, *ſlow* indeed, but *ſure*,
Who firſt preſcrib'd the *Diætetic Cure:*
Hence ſtubborn *Chronics* dwindled by *Degrees*,
And *Food* grew *Health*---that late was the *Diſeaſe*;
The *Fever*'s Rage, obedient to *ſubſide*,
Life's purple *Current* pour'd a gentler *Tide*;
Honey and *Milk* the ſole *Specifics*, then,
The mild *Decoction*---and the cool *Ptiſan*---

From

* BEING a Maſter of *Experience* as well as of *Analogy* and *Reaſon*, and withal vers'd in pure *Philoſophy*, he firſt made *Phyſic rational*, and laid the *Foundation* of the *Dogmatic Medicine* which has ſince obtain'd---He preſs'd no *Hypotheſis* into his Service, as may be ſeen in his Book of *Diſeaſes*, *Affections*, &c.---He firſt ſtarted the Doctrine of *Critical Days* in *Diſeaſes*; for which, (when *Polytheiſm* was in Vogue,) they were ready to take him for a *God*---'Tis certain none of the *Phyſicians* of *Old Greece* follow'd any *Theory*---of whom *Baglivi* ſays: ---*Quod nos per Leges* Theoriæ, *id* Illi *ſolâ* mentis perſpicacitate, *longo* Uſu *confirmatâ* peragebant.

From *Nature*'s Source he drew unerring *Laws*;
Such *Baillie*'s *Practice* now---such * *Syd'nham*'s was.

O *Baillie!* if theſe *Numbers* reach thine *Ear*,
Accept this *Tribute*------as Thyſelf *ſincere*------
Forgive the *Muſe* officious thus t'*employ*
Thoſe *Hours* of *Health* you help her to *enjoy:*
How *Few*, like *Thee*, ſuch diff'rent *Virtues* blend,
And mix the *True Phyſician* with the *Friend?*
In whom thy *Claſſic Taſte* and *Learning* join,
T' *inſtruct*, t' *adorn*-----to *poliſh* and *refine*-----
How *Few*, like *Thee*, with kindred Sorrow *melt*,
And weep thoſe *Evils* which they never *felt?*
Balm to my *Woe*-----and *Comfort* in *Diſtreſs!*
Living I'll love Thee-----and ſhall, *Dying*, bleſs.

SUCH was the *Medic Art*-------O *Shame* to tell
What yet the faithful *Muſe* muſt now reveal!
Nurs'd long in *Græcian Climes* with tend'reſt Care,
She *Weſtward* fled---and breath'd a † *Roman Air:*

But

* Artis *noſtræ* Ornator & Ornamentum, *qui ſepoſitis* Opinionum *Commentis ad* Obſervationes *prorſus ſe dedit, & a* primâ Ætate *ad* Extremum *uſque* Senium *cum Naturâ cohabitavit.*——ſays a *Learned Foreigner.*——

† PLINY ſays the *Romans* had an *Averſion* to *Phyſicians*, and their *Art*, till *Archagatus* came from *Greece* to *Rome*, where he practis'd *Phyſic* and *Surgery* with *Reputation*,

But ſoon, alaſs! her new-blown *Honours* fade,
Her riſing *Luſtre* baſe *Impoſtors* ſhade,
By *Roman* * *Miſaubins* and * *W----ds* betray'd.
Rome had her *Quacks*---for ſuch all *Climes* produce----
The *Bane* of Science---and its worſt *Abuſe*------
No *Mede*---no *Hulſe* was then---the Art to ſave-----
It ſunk----deteſted by the *Wiſe* and *Brave*.

GALEN, at length, review'd the ſacred *Plan*,
And to *collect* its ſcatter'd *Parts* began;
Greedy of *Fame*, digeſted 'em with Care----
Well were it, had his *Labours* ended there----
But boaſting clearer *Lights*, he tack'd to *Theſe*
Strange *Humours*---*Elements*---and *Qualities*----
Confounding, thus, the † *Coan Maſter's Rule*,
With the rude *Cant* of *Ariſtotle's School:*
Of *Obſervation* left the fruitful *Fields*,
For the wild *Waſte* that ‡ *Speculation* yields:

A

putation—in the Year of *Rome* 535.— However, 'tis certain the *Art* was ſunk very low in the *Opinion* of the *Romans* before that Time, by the *Roguery* and *Ignorance* of *Quacks*.—None but *Freed-Men*, &c. practis'd for a long Courſe of Years.—

* Two Eminent *Quacks* of the preſent Century.

† Cos, or Coos, an *Iſland* in the *Archipelago*, where *Hippocrates* was born. Hence ſo called.—

‡ Si *excipias* (ſays a learned Author) *Paucos illos* Obſervatores, *qui* Caſus & Hiſtorias Medicas *ad vivum proùt, ab ipſâ Rei Naturâ procedebant, deſcribendo*, Medi-

D

cinæ

A *Fairy-Land*----and a neglected *Shore*------
No *Æſculapian Sage* ere trod before-----
Experience now held but the *ſecond Place*,
And *Truths*, beſt founded on her ſolid *Baſe*.
No more---O ſad *Reverſe!* in *One* we view
The watchful * *Nurſe*, and wiſe *Phyſician* too----
Subtle t' *explode*----as artful to *invent*-----
By Midnight Lamps a *Galen*'s Hours were ſpent,
Some fav'rite *Syſtem* anxious to *maintain*,
The monſtrous *Child* of his prolific *Brain*.-----
By dark *Solutions* to out-ſtrip the *Wiſe*,
And ere the *Race* was run---to ſnatch the *Prize*.

THUS far the *Muſe*, reluctant, dares to blame
Whom † *ſixteen Hundred Years* have giv'n to *Fame*;
Pleas'd ſhe proceeds----ſtill ardent to *commend*-----
Foe to his *Faults*----but to his *Worth* a *Friend*.

IF

cinæ Pomœria *ſummoperè* ampliarunt; *ea quæ* Reliqui *adjecere*, *falſam* Theoriam, & *hujuſmodi* Ineptias *ſpectantia*; turbarunt *potius*, impediveruntque *illius* Progreſſus, *quam* indicarunt *aut* promoverunt.—

* IN *Hippocrates*'s *Time*, and after, the moſt eminent *Phyſicians* watch'd almoſt *Day* and *Night* by their Patients *Bed-Sides*, and ſtuck cloſe to *Obſervation*.——— Whence called the *Clinic Sect*.——

† HE flouriſh'd in the Time of *Trajan*, and three ſucceeding *Emperors*.—He wrote 15 *Volumes*, beſides Notes, on *Hippocrates*—and died at *Rome*, *Anno Dom.* 140.—

If unknown *Worlds* of *Medicine* to explore,
T'expound their *Virtues*, and increaſe their *Store*;
In ſearch of *Truth*, if any Praiſe it be,
To drain the *Mines* of deep *Philoſophy*;
Of known *Effects* to trace the hidden *Cauſe*,
And *ſcan* by Rules of *Art* wiſe *Nature*'s Laws;
By *Envy*'s ſelf the *Debt* ſhall ſure be paid,
And lateſt *Honours* dignify his *Shade*.

What Time the * *Gothic Swarms* forſook their *Hive*.
Learning no longer cou'd the *Shock* ſurvive;
Of *Human Art* no *Traces* we deſcry,
Art's faireſt *Fruit*, and *Learning* wither'd lie:
Defac'd---o'erthrown---and mingled with the *Duſt*----
The labour'd *Column*---and the breathing *Buſt*----
Chaos return'd----*all Peace* and *Order* fled-----
O'er *Cuſtoms*, *Language*, *Laws*, thick Night was ſpread.
Till, (as ſome long-loſt *Stream* renews its *Source*,
Which *under-ground* purſu'd its mazy *Courſe*,)
Science,

* After the *ſixth Century*, the Arts were not only extinguiſh'd, but almoſt all *Memory* of 'em loſt till the *Ninth*, from which, to the *Thirteenth*, *Medicine* was vigorouſly cultivated by the *Arabs* in *Aſia*, *Africa*, and *Spain*--Who applying Themſelves particularly to the Study of the *Materia Medica*, and its *Preparations*, and to the Operations of *Chirurgery*, render'd *both* more juſt and copious at the ſame time— and yet *Galen*'s *Errors* became now more *predominant* than ever.—

Science, again, to happier *Climes* reſtor'd,
Unveil'd her *Charms*---and was again *ador'd*.

THE ſable *Night* of *Ignorance* withdrawn,
From bleſs'd *Arabia* broke the chearful *Dawn*;
Of *Med'cine*, lo! the long uncultur'd *Field*
Began to *ſmile*---and a new *Harveſt* yield----
On *Afric*'s ſettled, and *Iberia*'s Shore,
The *Saracens* reviv'd the *Art* once more:
But *Galen*'s *Errors* choke the wholſom *Soil*,
Obſtruct its *Progreſs*---and confound their *Toil*.

NEXT *Chymiſtry*, which long in *Embrio* lay,
Started new Lights---and ſmooth'd the thorny Way:
Not, as of old, to * *Alchymy* confin'd,
Nor knew t' *enrich*, alone, but *bleſs* Mankind:
Long had ſhe learnt t' *extract* the ſhining *Ore*,
But *Med'cine* now confeſs'd her *healing Pow'r*:
Strange *Worlds* of *Wonder* open'd to the *View*,
And *Old Diſcov'ries* were confirm'd by *New*.

BUT

* ALCHYMY, as contra-diſtinguiſh'd by ſome *Writers*, from *Chymiſtry*, conſiſted in *refining Metals*, and extracting them from their *Ores*—This *Art*, older than the *Flood*, is aſcrib'd to *Tubal Cain*, Gen. iv. 22.—It is but of late that *Chymiſtry* has been applied to *Preparations* of *Medicine*, and extended to *Plants*, *Animals*, *Minerals*, &c.

Mr.

BUT *Man* ſtill reſtleſs, impotent, and vain,
With Thirſt of *Knowledge* fir'd, and ſordid Gain,
Knows not to *ſtop*----nor whither to *extend*
His bold *Reſearch*----ſtill curious to no *End*----
How Things are *made*----is not his narrow *View*----
He muſt be *wiſer* yet----and *make* them *too:*
Like *God himſelf, Creative Pow'r* employ;
Not *wonder* only----and with *Thanks enjoy.*

SEE, by his *Fires* the *ſooty Artiſt* ſweat
To paſs th' Eternal *Bound* by *Nature ſet,*
Miſled by *Ariſtotle*'s dazzling *Light,*
For *Tranſmutation* labour Day and Night!
In queſt of *Mountains* of imagin'd *Wealth,*
His *Fortune* diſſipate---his *Time*---his *Health:*
From *Motion, Matter,* taught that all Things *grew,*---
What cannot *Motion,* giv'n to *Matter,* do?
As eaſy, ſure, when *This* and *That* combine,
To *forge* the glitt'ring *Maſs,* as to *refine.*

Vain

Mr. *Boyle*, the moſt Eminent for *Obſervations* and *Diſcoveries* of this ſort—*Paracelſus, Stachenius*, and *Van Helmont* carried it to ſuch a length, as to render *Medicine* almoſt *wholly Chymical.*

Vain *Reas'ner!* the fantaſtic Search give o'er,
Or firſt—go—*analyze* the painted *Flow'r*—
If long intent to ſep'rate and compound,
To pay thy *Toil* a *gen'ral Flow'r* be found,
The *Grand Elixir* Thou may'ſt hope to *boaſt*,
Nor find, in ſearch of * *Gold*, thy Labour *loſt*.

Not ſo a *Boyle* his uſeful Hours employ'd;
The *True Philoſopher*'s unerring † *Guide*---
Boyle, for no *Syſtems* anxious to contend,
Experiment, the *Means*---and *Truth*, his End---
Who wak'd to *Life*, and into *Action* brought,
The *Child of Fancy*, ſlumb'ring but in *Thought*:
Who *Chymic Aids* to *Phyſic* beſt apply'd,
Nor boaſted *Pow'rs* that Angels are deny'd:

Thro'

* According to *Ariſtotle*, *Epicurus*, &c.—*Gold* and *Sand* are at bottom but one and the ſame *Matter* —— The *Chymiſts* thought they had found out that *Salt*---*Sulphur*---and *Mercury*---with a few other *Ingredients*, (about which They are not as yet agreed) were the immediate *Elements* of all *Bodies*; but that there was in reality a *Primitive Matter*, which took all Sorts of *Forms* ---that conſequently nothing remain'd to be done, but to work upon that *Primitive Matter*, to preſent It with fit *Moulds*, and to give It a certain *Turn*, to have---*Gold*---*Jewels*--and the *Elixir Salutis*. This *Study* has been well defin'd to be.--*Ars* ſine *Arte*, cujus Principium eſt *mentiri*---Medium *laborare*---& Finis *mendicare*.

† Mr. *Boyle* reſcued *Chymiſtry* from the *Cenſures* it had long lain under from the *Enthuſiaſm* of *Helmont*, &c. and has ſhewn of what infinite *Uſe* it is to *Philoſophy* and *Medicine*, when kept within its proper *Bounds*.

Thro' all his *Works*, the *One Supreme* confeſs'd,
And in the *Creature* the *Creator* bleſs'd----
Who wiſely knew to *ſhun* the wild *Extremes*
Of *Sceptic-Doubtings*, and *Scholaſtic Dreams*;
To ſurer *Science* pointed out the *Road*
Which * *Boerhaave*, late---and ev'n a † *Newton* trod.

SAY *Muſe*,---and next record *Sanctorius*' Name---
Not leaſt, *Sanctorius*, in the Liſt of *Fame*----
Who mark'd, to groſſer *Outlets* not confin'd,
Thoſe ſubt'ler *Sluices* Nature has aſſign'd:
By *Weight* and *Meaſure* fix'd th' Eternal *Waſte*,
That thro' the *Pores* in light *Effluvia* paſs'd.
Hence wiſely taught that *Nature's Rule* is ſuch---
Diſeaſe alike---too *little*, or too *much*----
The ‡ *Health* we covet but a *Golden Mean*,
When juſt *Proportions* guide the nice *Machine*:

The

* THE Great *Boerhaave*, allow'd to have been the firſt *Phyſician* and *Chymiſt* in Europe, juſtified no leſs by his own *Practice* the Uſe which our *Engliſh Philoſopher* made of *Chymiſtry* in *Medicine*, and has mention'd him with the utmoſt *Honour*.

† MR. *Boyle*'s *Diſcoveries* of the *Qualities* of *Bodies*, by the Aſſiſtance of *Chymiſtry*, were ſo conſiderable, that the illuſtrious Sir *Iſaac Newton* himſelf has thought proper to follow his *Example*——When from the *Effects* of *Bodies*, he demonſtrates their *Laws*---*Actions* and *Powers*---he always brings *Chymical Experiments* for his *Vouchers*.

‡ *Inſenſible Perſpiration* is the moſt perfect Action of *Animal Digeſtion*; the keeping it up in due *Meaſure*, is the *Cauſe*, as well as *Sign*, of *Health*, and the leaſt *Deviation*

The *Balance* broke, *Ills* that have ſcarce a *Name*,
Acute, or *Chronic*, wreck the tender *Frame*.

THE *Triumph*, ſtill, is o'er *Effects* alone,
Nor were *Diſeaſes* in their *Cauſes* known,
Till firſt *Immortal Harvey* led the way,
And pointed where their ſecret *Sources* lay;
All that the *Wiſe* had *ſketch'd* in diſtant *Thought*,
The Godlike *Harvey ſaw*—and *prov'd*—and *taught*:
While *others*, dubious, hint the *Blood* to *flow*,
'Twas * his, *alone*, to trace the Manner, *how*,—
And in what *Time*, its rapid *Journey* done,
Freſh from the *Heart*, again its *Race* is run.
Hence *Phyſic*, to no ſlaviſh† *Sect* confin'd,
Gave all her *Bigot-Syſtems* to the Wind;
To nobler *Heights* her tow'ring *Head* ſhe rears;
The growing *Labour* of *Three Thouſand Years!*

The

viation from that due *Quantity*, the certain *Forerunner* of a *Diſeaſe*. — See *Arbuthnot*, on *Aliments*—P. 133.

* THE *Circulation* of the *Blood* has been generally allow'd to have been firſt diſcover'd in *England* in the Year 1628, by *Harvey*, a *Phyſician* of our own Country —tho' there are *ſeveral* who diſpute that *Honour* with him, ſuch as *Vander-Linden*, in *Holland*—*Realdus Columbus*, of *Cremona*—and *Andreas Cæſalpinus*, at *Venice*.—This Notion has, indeed, been occaſionally and ſlightly treated by *Them*, as an *Hypotheſis*, but never *demonſtrated* 'till *Harvey's Time*.

† NULLIUS *in Verba jurare*, is not only the *Motto* of the *Royal Society*, but a receiv'd *Principle* among all the *Philoſophers* of the preſent Age.

The *Queen* of *Science*, rival *Nations* greet,
And lay their faireſt *Trophies* at her *Feet*:
The * *Tubes*---the *Glands*---*Theſe* foremoſt to explain---
The *Muſcles*, *Theſe* expound---and *Thoſe*, the *Brain*---
While *others* pore thro' Microſcopic Glaſs,
And ſee the † *Lymph* thro' ſubtle *Strainers* paſs:
From *Senſe*, not wild *Hypotheſis*, deduce
The Structure of each *Veſſel*---and its Uſe.
Tho' late, ‡ *Aſellius*' Angel-Eye explor'd,
Where *lacteal Rivulets* inceſſant pour'd;
Thro' ** viewleſs *Ducts* meandring, had deſcry'd
This Way and That, the *Chyly Fluids* glide;
Thine, now, to *mark*---O †† *Picquet*, only *Thine!*
Where, faithful to their *Courſe*, the *Milky Currents* join:
Whence, upwards as they flow, again they *part*;
Again, uniting, e'er they reach the *Heart*;

The

* THESE ſeveral *Diſcoveries* in *Anatomy* are owing to *Wharton*---*Willis*---*Brown*, and others---ſince *Harvey's Time*.

† MALPHIGI was the firſt *Diſcoverer* of the *Lymphatic Veſſels*, each of which according to Dr. *Arbuthnot*, is One Hundred Times finer than a *Hair*. — He died Anno 1694.

‡ ASELLIUS firſt *deſcribed*, if not *diſcover'd* the *Lacteal Veſſels* — Anno 1622. Six Years before *Harvey* diſcover'd the Circulation of the Blood.

** THE *Coats* of the *Lacteal Veſſels* are ſo thin as to be *inviſible*, except when diſtended with *Chyle* or *Lymph*.

†† HE firſt diſcover'd the *Receptacle of the Chyle*, and its Paſſage to the *Ductus Thoracicus*. Anno 1651.

The *Heart* whoſe *Frame* had mock'd all *Search* before,
Unveils its *fibrous Texture* to a * *Lower*:
New Lights progreſſive dart from *Man* to *Man*---
Hence, *Life* and *Motion*, *Others* next explain;
While † *Ruyſch*, intent more *Wonders* to contrive,
Bids the *Injected Carcaſs* ſeem to *live*:
With ſo much *Art* the mimic *Liquor*'s thrown,
Nature miſtakes---and thinks the *Work her Own*.
Still as we gaze around our *Hemiſphere*,
New *Conſtellations*, and new *Suns* appear----
A *Cowper*, *Drake*---a *Keil*, a *Cheſelden*---
Egregious Names! the glorious *Race* have run;
Haply, *Themſelves*, at length, by *Girle* and *Sharp* out-done.

But ſee---with growing *Wonder* and *Surprize*,
Where *vegetable Kingdoms* blooming riſe!
Nameleſs 'till now, their *Tribes*, promiſcuous, ſeen
To People thick *Earth*'s wide-extended *Green*; When

* The Order of the *Muſcular Fibres* of the *Heart* was not known before Dr. *Lower* deſcribed it—By this *Diſcovery*, *Alphonſus Borellus* was enabled upon *Mathematical* and *Mechanical* Principles, to give a more ſatisfactory Account of the Methods of Nature in diſpenſing *Life* and *Nouriſhment* to every Part of the *Body*, than had ever been given before.

† Fred. Ruysch, a conſiderable *Dutch Profeſſor* of *Anatomy* and *Surgery* at *Amſterdam*—Famous for *Injecting coloured Liquors*, *melted Wax*, &c. into the *dried Veſſels* of *Animals* to ſhew the *Diſpoſition*, *Texture*, and *Ramifications* thereof, &c.

When *Tournefort* and *Ray* with * *rival Skill*
Their *Kinds* diſtinguiſh---and their *Claſſes* tell---
By kindred *Marks* recount the *Species* o'er
Of ev'ry *Tree*---and *Shrub*---and *Herb*---and *Flow'r:*
From generating † *Duſt* how Poplars ſpring,
Wafted from *Sex* to *Sex* on mild *Favonius'* Wing:
How near to *Animals* ſome ‡ *Plants* ally'd,
" What thin *Partitions* do their *Bounds* divide"
How by nice *Links* the gradual *Scale* aſcends,
And *Life* begins---where *Vegetation* ends.

** *Mechanic Science* nor diſdains to join
Its wond'rous *Aid* to make the *Art Divine:*

From

* TOURNEFORT and *Ray* had great *Diſputes* about the Diviſion of *Plants*—— The *Firſt* dividing them into 14 *Genera*, chuſing the *Flower* and *Fruit*, as the proper Marks of *Diſcrimination*—The *Latter* divided them into 25 *Genera*, taking in the *Roots*, *Leaves*, *Stems*, &c.---The *Diſtribution* of *Plants* into *Genera* and *Species*, is abſolutely *neceſſary* to eaſe the *Memory*, and prevent its being *overburthened* with an *Infinity* of different *Names*.

† ACCORDING to the Syſtem of Mr. *Morland* and Mr. *Geoffroy*, the fine *Duſt* obſervable on the *Piſtil* of ſome *Flowers* impregnates the *Grain* or *Fruit*, encloſed therein—Theſe are both *Male* and *Female* within *Themſelves*—Thoſe *Plants* that bear *Fruits* without *Flowers* are diſtinguiſh'd into *Male* and *Female*——and Mr. *Geoffroy* takes it, that the *Wind* doing the Office of a *Vehicle*, brings the *Farina* of the *Male* to the *Female*, which he ſuppoſes to be the *Tomentum*, or *Down* of the *Fruit*.

‡ THE *Senſitive Plant* which ſhrinks at the *Touch*, is thought to be but *one Degree* below the *Animal Life* of an *Oyſter*, or *Muſcle*, whoſe *ſpontaneous Motion* is in the *loweſt Degree* we can well imagine.

** MEDICINE, by late *Improvements* in Philoſophy, is become all *Mechanical* and *Corpuſcular:* Inſtead of *Galen's Qualities* and *Degrees*, every Thing is now reduc'd to *Mechanical Affections*; to the *Figures*, *Bulks*, *Gravities*, &c. of the *component Particles*, and to the great *Principle of Attraction*.

From *Eaſt* to *Weſt*, hence *Phyſic* boaſts her Sway,
And darts on *All* a more propitious *Ray*;
But fix'd her *Throne* on fair *Britannia's Iſle*,
To whom ſhe owes a *Harvey*---and a * *Boyle*.

* He firſt *diſcover'd*, or at leaſt brought the *Air-Pump* to *Perfection*, which ſoon demonſtrated the *Abſurdity* of that common Notion, that *Nature* abhorr'd a *Vacuum* —. Since he has ſhewn us the true *Origin* of *Qualities* of *Bodies*, Nobody has dar'd to advance the Chimærical Notion of *Subſtantial Forms*—By the Help of Theſe, and other valuable *Diſcoveries*, many others have been made ſince his *Death*, and many more probably will be, and his *Reputation* rather increaſe than diminiſh in future Ages.—He died, Anno 1691.

N.B. If it ſhou'd be aſk'd why I have made no honourable Mention of the *Royal Society*---I have this to anſwer---That the *Subject* has been too copiouſly and elegantly treated by † *another Hand*, for Me to add any Thing but my *Wiſhes* for their *Proſperity*.

† *Sprat's* Hiſtory of the Royal Society.

FINIS.